



ST. JOHN RIVER

— — —
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OF AMERICA



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PHOTO. MR. L. A. GRIFFITHS.

GLADE IN ROCKWOOD PARK, SAINT JOHN.



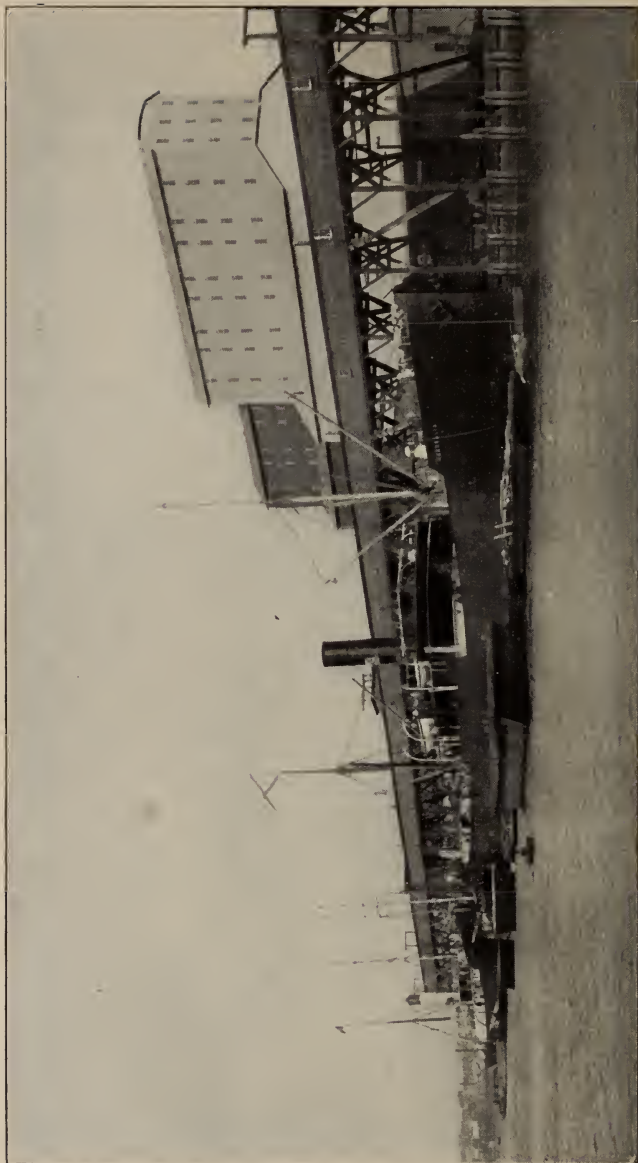
MARTELLO TOWER, SAINT JOHN. BUILT 1800.



PERHAPS there is no section of Eastern America to which the attention of the tourist and the sportsman is being more strongly directed in these latter days, than to the Province of New Brunswick. Here, when it is a tribulation to exist in the fervent heat of the great cities to the south and west, are to be found cool, bracing airs and repose of mind and body born of the forest and the sea.

Here, too, in the autumn months, when the fancy of the sportsman lightly turns to thoughts of moose, is to be found the forest primeval—no ragged waste half eaten by the pulp mill's ravenous fangs, but a veritable dreamland paradise, whose evergreen vales and teeming waters smile to-day as they did in the time of Cartier and Champlain. The stately forest, the many-rivered hills, the nestling lakes, the velvet-carpeted caribou plains of New Brunswick present to the modern voyager a page from pre-historic days.

Samuel de Champlain was the first white man to set foot upon the site of the present city of St. John, or to dip a paddle in the noble river to which he gave that name. St. John is also the city of La Tour. At or near Navy Island is the site of the fort which marked the scene of Madame La Tour's heroic struggle against her husband's cruel enemies. But more than all



CANADIAN PACIFIC DOCKS AND ELEVATORS, SAINT JOHN

else, historically, St. John is the city of the Loyalists, for here it was that righteous band of exiles came who, having sacrificed their all to faith in king and country, landed on these shores and laid strong and deep the foundations of a new state they could call their own.

The St. John of the present is more than a typical modern seaport. She is to all of New Brunswick and portions of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia—to Acadia in short—the key of trade and travel. Laid prostrate by the fire of 1877, she merely got up and fought her hostile destiny to a finish. To-day the indomitable energy of her citizens has made her not only the principal entrepôt of Eastern Canada, but the Winter Port of the great lakes and the west. Her wide, straight streets, carved through the solid Devonian rocks, flanked by massive buildings of brick and stone, are the monuments of a people who know no such word as failure. The population of St. John is nearly fifty thousand; her public and private edifices would adorn a city of much larger size, and her future is assured. Year after year the fleet of ocean tramps grows larger, and the long lines of freight cars, laden with the products of the infinite west, crowd thicker and closer on the harbor front. Within the past four or five years there has been spent in the city of St. John \$1,500,000 in harbor improvements by way of grain elevators and wharf facilities. An Imperial dry dock is now being projected that, it may be guessed, will knit still closer the ties that bind the city of the Loyalists to the vast ocean empire of Great Britain.

From the tourist no less than from the trade standpoint, St. John is the natural capital of these Maritime Provinces. From her railroad stations and steamboat wharves reach out in every



IN ROCKWOOD PARK, SAINT JOHN



SCENE IN SAINT JOHN HARBOR.



MECKLENBURG STREET, SAINT JOHN.

direction lines of travel by land and water to all the far-famed resting retreats of Bluenose land. There is scarce a seaside resort, or fishing stream, or hunting-ground in any of the three provinces that may not be reached from rise to set of sun by starting from St. John. The International steamship line and the Dominion Atlantic Line, with their fleets of palatial steamers, bring hither in the summer months from Boston, Portland, and other points, many thousands of fugitives from heat and hay fever.

The traveller from the United States, who approaches St. John by water, passes on the way one of the most delightful panoramas that the whole coast of America affords. From the time one leaves Machias and the bold headlands of Cutler in the distance until the end of the journey is reached, there is an ever-varying land and sea-scape such as the pen of the most intense enthusiast could not describe, or the brush of the artist faithfully portray. Immediately opposite to the town of Eastport, the last town on the American Atlantic coast, stands the lovely island of Campobello, which is as romantic in history as it is beautiful in picturesqueness.

For scenery upon a majestic scale, one should see the Island of Grand Manan, whose cliffs have, since the world began, successfully withstood the ravages of the broad Atlantic.

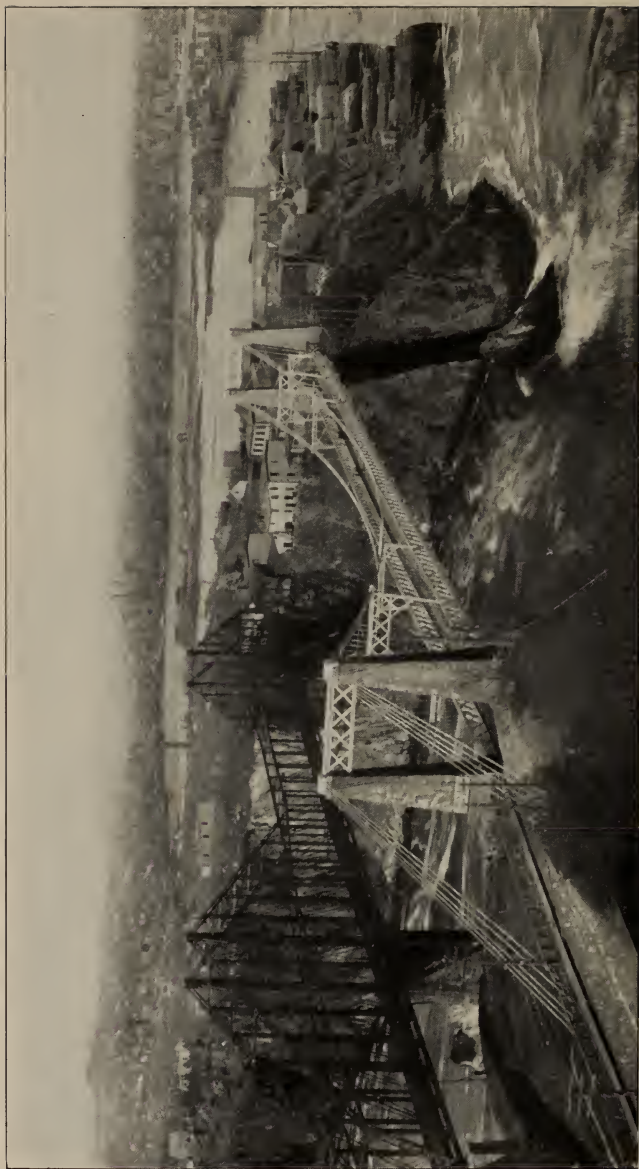
Then there are the Digby and Yarmouth steamers, the Grand Lake, Washademoak, Hampton and Fredericton boats, the Shore Line, the wide-spreading Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific systems, radiating east, west, north and south from the city, and carrying to every corner of old Acadie and the Isles of the Bay the pilgrim in quest of the life-giving tonic of the sea, or the grateful shadow of birch and pine.



FISH WEIRS, SAINT JOHN HARBOR.

But while St. John is thus the principal distributing point of travel in these provinces, she has charms of her own as a summer resort, which explain the fact that her hotel proprietors are, year after year, being forced to enlarge their already spacious premises to intercept the ever-rising human tide. How tempting to bathers the long tawny beaches of the Bay Shore, the cosy trysting place where those ancient lovers, the sun and sea, elude their jealous foes, the fog and wind ! What nights and days more gracious and benign than those which reign in summer in St. John while other lands perspire and shrivel up with fervent heat ! How wholesome, how suggestive of nature's power of moral regeneration those peerless scavengers, the tides, that twice each day remove from the threshold of the city all taint of lurking germs, returning ever with their load of health and cleansing straight from the depths of the Bay ! Where on the face of the earth can be found the duplicate of St. John's "reversible cataract," which twice in every twenty-four hours turns round and falls up hill ?

For those who seek unique effects with the camera or sketch book many quaint "bits" are offered about the harbor of St. John, as also striking views by lake and riverside not far away. At Rockwood is being elaborated by private beneficence a public park, on a scale never before attempted in these provinces. The feature of greatest interest about it is that its natural beauty is being preserved ; and by a complete system of roads and by-paths, the visitor is at every turn led into a series of rocky glens and woodlands that illustrate the rugged grandeur of the scenery of southern New Brunswick in an admirable degree.



BRIDGES OVER REVERSING FALLS, SAINT JOHN, LOW TIDE.



REVERSING FALLS, SAINT JOHN, TIDE RUNNING UP.



GATHERING DULSE, NEAR ENTRANCE TO SAINT JOHN HARBOR.

The Martello Tower, the suspension and cantilever bridges at the Falls, the panoramic view from Fort Howe, are only a few of the many features that invite a more than passing interest. For those who love the silent steed the roads leading out of St. John to flowered field and singing brook are marvels of roominess and smoothness. The uniform testimony of visiting cyclists is that, on the average, the highways of this province are far superior to those of any of the other Eastern States or Provinces.

The suburban drives of St. John, whether by way of the Rothesay road and its many branches, the winding Manawagonish or the Westfield road, can hardly be surpassed anywhere for landscape effects. Many drives are available by which the sightseer has a choice of routes in returning to the city. A popular haunt of the visiting tourist, as well as of the local species, is elm-shaded Rothesay, an ideal riverside resort in the season when the clover is abloom and all the forest trees give forth their healing benisons. Here, as everywhere on the suburban roads of St. John, is to be found a commodious wayside hostelry where the visitor is made to feel at home. Another favorite drive is that to Loch Lomond, where arching trees throw cooling shadows on the road, where joyous rivulets dance out of the forest-covered hills to lose themselves in dozing wayside lakes and ponds, and where scenes of rural charm unfold themselves at every turn to the lover of nature in her tranquil moods. There are big trout in some of these lakes, too, the knowledge of which fact adds much to their scenic quality in the angler's eye.

While the Kennebecasis River, a large tributary of the St. John, is the headquarters of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, the harbor of



SAINT JOHN RIVER—THE NARROWS, NEAR SAINT JOHN.

St. John has borne for many successive years the house and boats of the Neptune Rowing Club. In the season, the Club's boathouse lies in a quiet and sheltered nook, just at the east side landing of the Carleton Ferry and within a stone's throw of the general Post Office. Its members are ever courteous in extending the hospitalities of the Club to strangers, and many a pleasant hour may be spent in the light and comfortable skiffs and barges with which the clubhouse is well provided. The use of the Rowing Club's boathouse and landing is tendered to all visiting yachtsmen, its situation making it more convenient than most public landings.

Should one go eastward by the Intercolonial Railway, through the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis, Moncton is reached, the second city in New Brunswick. It is situated on the Petitcodiac River, up which comes twice in twenty-four hours the famous tidal wave called the "bore," from three to eight or ten feet in height.

Hopewell Cape, in Albert County, is near, with its rocks of red sandstone, carved into obelisks, columns, caverns, by the influence of the waves and tides. The Underground Lake, the Albert Mines, the gypsum quarries near Hillsboro, Shepody Mountain, Riverside, the residence of the Lieut. Governor of the Province, are all within easy reach of Moncton.

And how shall one choose words wherewith to sketch the varied splendors of the river St. John and the peaceful lakes that cluster near its mouth in pristine loveliness. Breasting its broad and generous flood are, near its mouth, massive headlands, seamed and scarred with elemental war, where alone of all the forest citizens the hardy firs eke out precarious liveli-



(Photo., MR. G. A. HENDERSON.) SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“Near its mouth, massive headlands seamed and scarred with elemental war.”

hood. Then come more gracious rounded hills mantled in spruce, fir, birch and maple. Then long, straight levels of alder-bordered intervalles, with now and then an island that looks for all the world like a farm gone adrift. All these islands are alike—low, rich meadow flats, edged with a riotous tangle of alder and willow, with here and there a towering elm and here and there a faded stack of hay, reminiscent of the spring floods. Behind these isles are lily-broidered coves which resound, as the steamer draws nigh, with the raucous cry of the heron or the splashing flight of ducks. As the steamer gently pulses her way on a balmy summer's day up this wide, shining watercourse, air, sun and wave unite to soothe the senses of the passenger into languorous repose. Wooded shore, grassy mead and sloping hill drift by like visions from enchanted land. Even the white-winged lumber boats that slowly dip and swell with their loads of yellow deal seem bound to No-Man's-Land. Under all is the river flood; over all a flood of summer glory; through all the peace of slumbrous living free from care. So brimming is this lovely route with picturesque delights that time and care alike take flight, and the voyager awakes as from a dream when, after threading a labyrinth of booms, and rounding a bluff of gleaming birch and sombre pines, the spires and stately elms of the "Celestial City" rise in view. Famous for hospitality, reposeful and serene, as becomes a Cathedral seat, proud of her culture and her wealth of natural charms. Fredericton, whether seen in her garment of Lincoln green or the russet garb of autumn, has a habit of making herself remembered by the visitor.



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“ Then come more gracious rounded hills, mantled in spruce, fir, birch and maple.”



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—"Wooded shore, grassy mead and sloping hill drift by like visions from enchanted land."



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“ Even the white-winged wood boats * * * seem bound to ‘No-Man’s-Land.’ ”



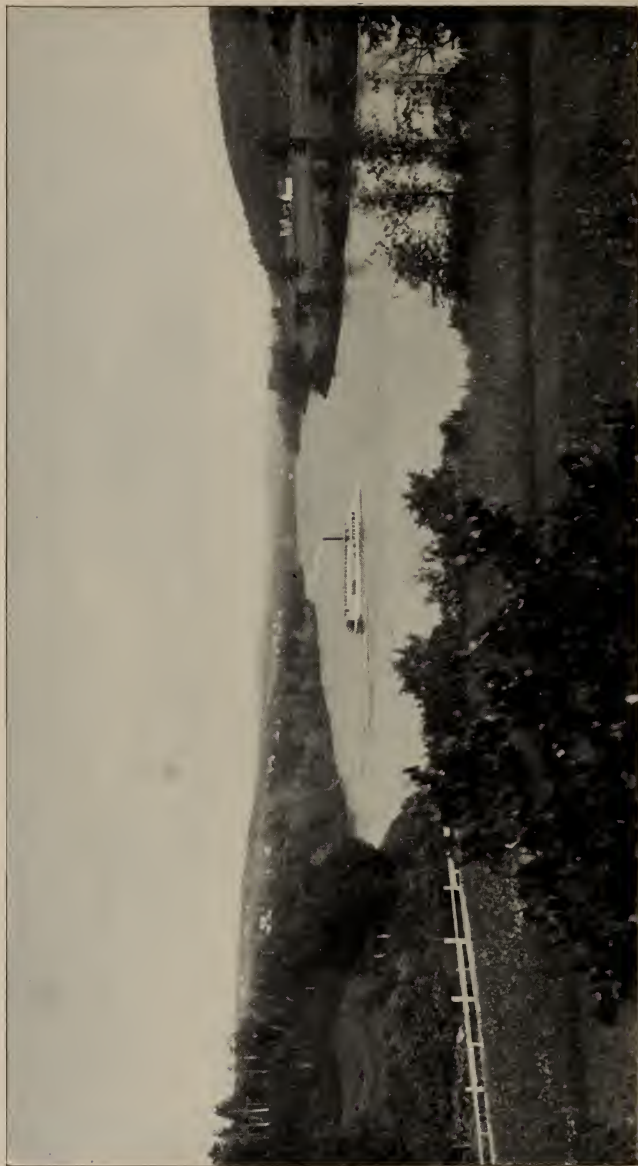
SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“* * * with now and then an island that looks for all the world like a farm gone adrift.”



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“As the steamer gently pulses her way * * * air, sun and wave unite to soothe the senses of the passenger into languorous repose.”



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“The white-winged lumber boats that slowly dip and swell with their loads of yellow deal.”



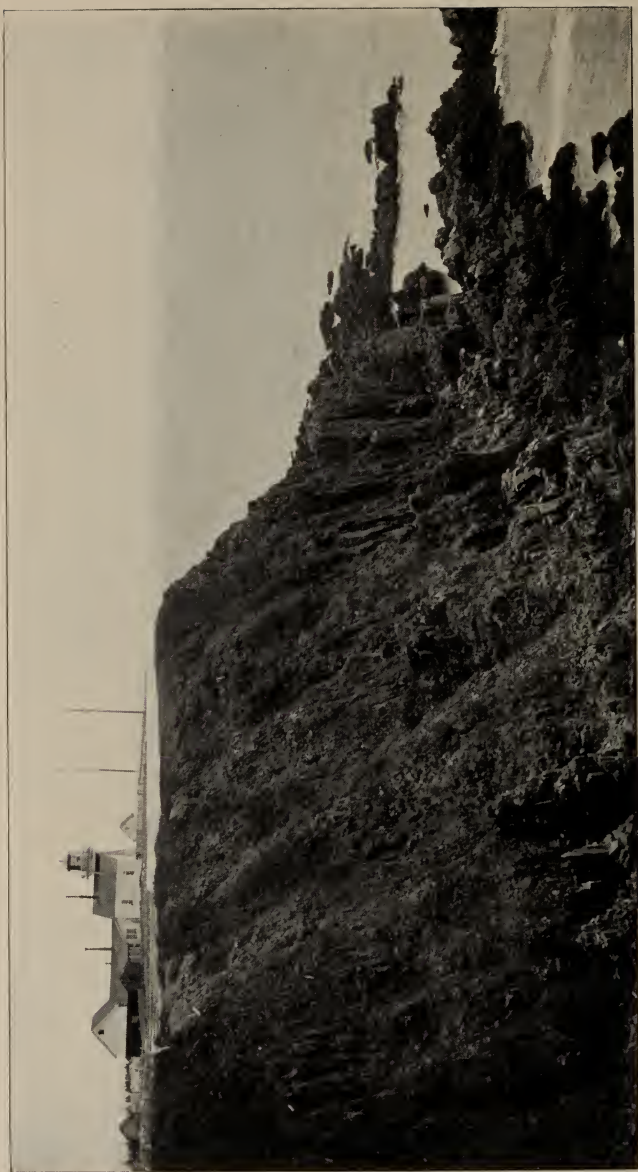
SAINT JOHN RIVER.—“Above Fredericton the river becomes more winding.”

Each day in the open season the swift, commodious boats of the Star Line make the trip from Indiantown to Fredericton. Excursion rates prevail, by which the tourist who wishes to see the comely capital can go up by boat and down by rail, or *vice versa*, with a minimum of expense.

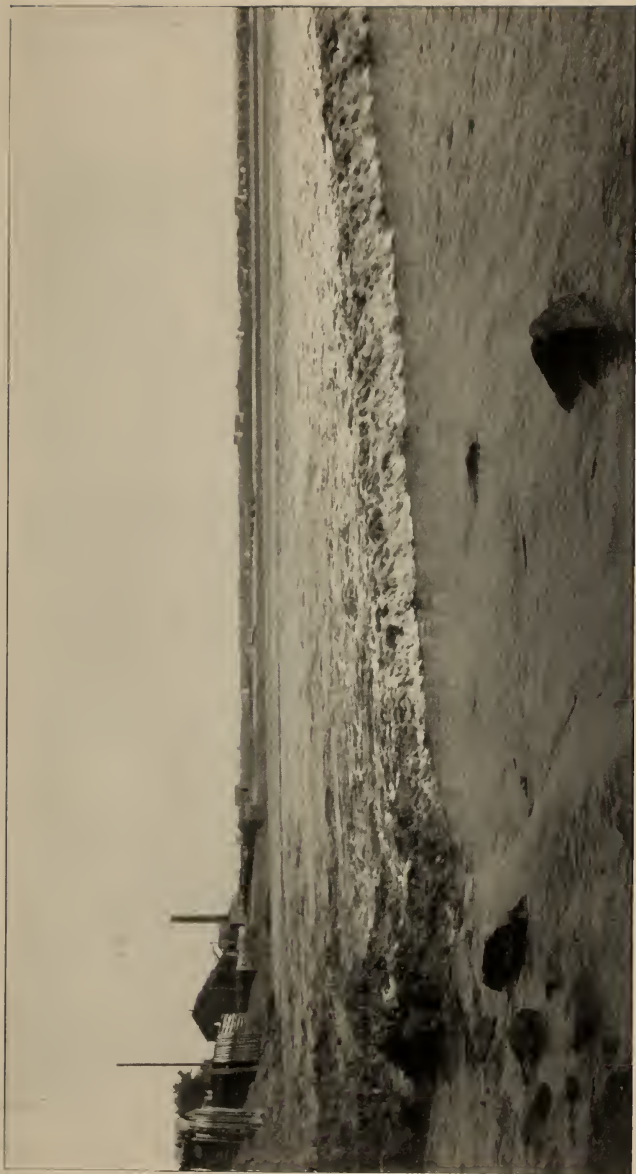
But the river sail to Fredericton, though justly entitled to rank among the finest excursion routes on the continent, is only one of many of which the pleasure seeker may avail himself. A memorable day on the salt water may be enjoyed by crossing to Digby, the gateway by the sea of the famous Land of Evangeline, by the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company's palatial steamer Prince Rupert, which makes the round trip from St. John to Digby and return every week day during the summer season. Then there is the steamboat journey up the historic Kennebecasis, through tranquil waters, in whose crystal depths are mirrored only the infinite blue and a bright green ribbon of meadow land. Grand Lake, an impressive sheet of water thirty-five miles in length, abounds with rustic pictures fair as a poet's dream. Its level shores and sheltered nooks afford a haven of rest indeed to the weary soul. For yachting or canoeing the conditions are sublime.

Stretching far to the north, like a sheet of burnished bronze, is Washademoak Lake, some twenty miles in length and not inferior to Grand Lake in its panoramic grandeur. At its head stands Cole's Island on the verge of the happy hunting grounds of Canaan.

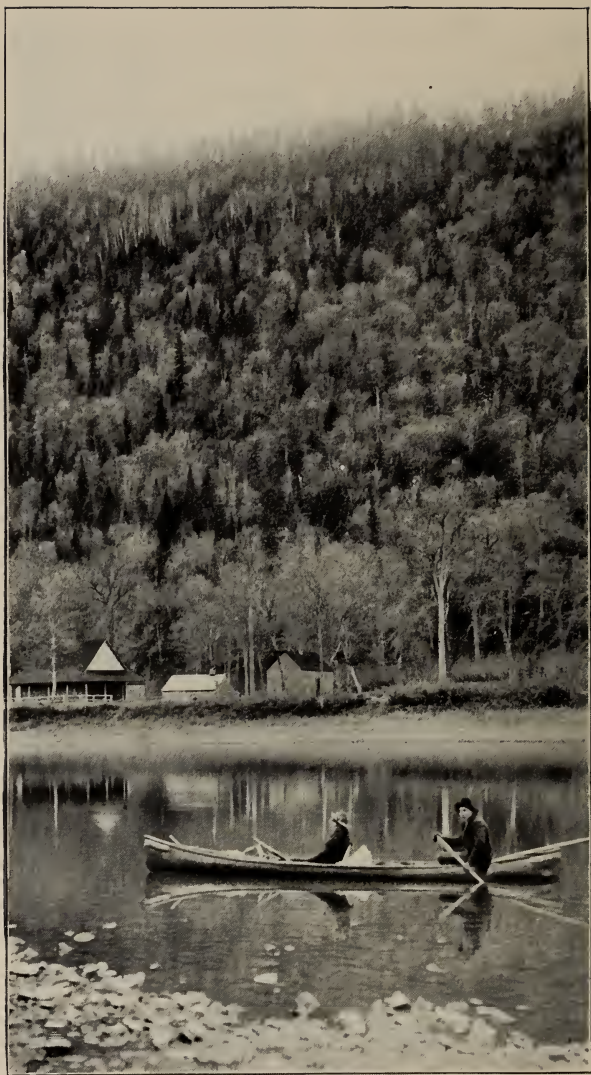
Above Fredericton the river becomes more winding, the hills are nearer, the slopes and meadows are well cultivated and covered with prosperous farms. Thriving towns and villages



(Photo., MR. L. A. GRIFFITHS.) *"For scenery upon a majestic scale, one should see the Island of Grand Manan."*



THE BORE, PETITCODIAC RIVER, MONCTON.



CANOEING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

everywhere occupy some vantage ground, the centres of trade with the rich agricultural regions around. About sixty miles above Fredericton, Woodstock is reached, a prosperous city, beautifully situated on a slight eminence above the St. John River. The river gradually becomes swifter. The banks become steeper. Near Andover two of the most important tributaries of the river come in, the Aroostook from Maine and the Tobique from the northern highlands of New Brunswick. The Aroostook Falls, only three miles from the junction of that river with the St. John, are very beautiful, and being somewhat difficult of approach, the natural beauty of the scenery has not been impaired. Should the tourist wish for a canoe trip he will find Indians at the mouth of the Tobique who will ascend that river ninety-eight miles, "carry" across to the Nepisiguit, three miles, and down that river eighty miles, to the Bay of Chaleur. These are two fine rivers for canoeing, and the trip of 180 miles across the wilderness of New Brunswick, with the beautiful Nictor and Nepisiguit Lakes, the picturesque woodland scenery, the excellent trout fishing, with rapid but safe water everywhere, will give a delightful experience that will last a lifetime.

Twenty-two miles above Andover the Grand Falls is reached. Here is a cataract and gorge unequalled anywhere in eastern America, for wild and picturesque beauty.

Thirteen miles above Grand Falls is the Grand River, from which a portage of twenty-four miles can be made to the Restigouche, 110 miles from the Bay of Chaleur. Its cool waters are the home of salmon and trout, and its wild and rugged scenery a delight to the angler and naturalist.



*"Hopewell Cape * * * with its rocks of red sandstone, carved into Obelisks,*

But if New Brunswick is a paradise for the summer traveller who seeks fresh air and length of days amid the glint of peaceful waters and the scents of meadow land, what shall be said of the attractions the province has to offer the big game hunter and the angler? It would be idle to attempt, in these brief pages, to catalogue the



Columns and Caverns, by the influence of waves and tides."

lakes, and streams, and wondrous virgin hunting grounds where fish and game abound. The soil of this great wilderness interior is simply honey-combed with waters, great and small, where the lordly salmon and the gallant warrior trout make their abiding place. Everywhere, beneath the far-stretching mantle of the forest, lie hidden the



SAINT JOHN RIVER.—GRAND FALLS.

*"Here is a cataract and gorge, unequalled anywhere in Eastern America
for wild and picturesque beauty."*



MAGAGUADAVIC FALLS, SAINT GEORGE.

(Photo , MR. L. A. GRIFFITHS)

ancient haunts of the noblest game animals to be found on this continent, the moose, caribou, deer and bear. In the counties of St. John and Charlotte alone are located more than a hundred lakes where trout are plentiful. Everywhere, too, west and south of the St. John River, the red deer treads the forest trails on nimble foot.

It is only within the last few years that American sportsmen have begun to realize the wonderful opportunities for big game pursuits offered by the province of New Brunswick. A good-sized book would be needed in which to relate the wondrous luck these sportsmen had, and the impressive trophies they secured.

St. John is the natural outfitting station for the historic plains of Canaan, where the famous "Prince of Wales" moose was secured by Sir Harry Burrard many years ago, and where this species of game is now as plentiful as ever. Fredericton is favorably situated for the moose and caribou grounds of the Southwest Miramichi and its branches, the Renous, Dungarvon, Clearwater and Cains Rivers. Newcastle commands the noted moose and caribou grounds at the head of the Northwest and the Gueggas Lakes; Chatham is nearest the plains of Bartibogue and the celebrated trout pools of the Tabusintac. The wild and rugged Nepisiguit, renowned for trout as well as for all forms of big game, especially the black bear, is most conveniently reached from Bathurst. Campbellton is the headquarters for all parties bound for the Restigouche and its branches. Edmundston is the natural centre for all fish and game expeditions that have for their objective point the upper reaches of Green River, or that paradise of rod and paddle, the Squatook Lakes. Andover, calmly perched on the bank of the swift-running upper St. John,



“OPPOSITE EASTPORT * * * STANDS THE LOVELY ISLAND OF CAMPOBELLO.”



CAMP SCENE IN NORTHERN NEW BRUNSWICK.

has no dread of rivals, for hers are the glorious lakes and streams of the Upper Tobique, a region marvellous alike for romantic scenery as for fish and game supply. All the sporting centres here mentioned are within a few hours rail of the City of St. John. In a general way the city may be said to command all the eastern and northern hunting grounds of the province. For game laws see the reverse of Map in back of this booklet.

For reliable information as to guides and hunting localities, the sportsman is recommended to communicate with the following gentlemen: L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner, St. John; C. Fred. Chestnut, Fredericton; Robert Armstrong, Newcastle; Henry Bishop, Bathurst; T. F. Allen, Andover; Milton Dayton, Edmundston; J. S. Bassett, Campbellton.

Golf. The St. John Golf Club have excellent Links and Club House within a half mile of the principal hotels. Visitors will be accorded the privileges of the Club when properly introduced and on payment of a small fee.

Further information at Tourist Bureau.

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Requests for printed matter, or for any further information, can be addressed to the Secretary, CHARLES D. SHAW, and will be promptly answered.

For the convenience of visitors to St. John, a bureau of information has been opened at the St. John Board of Trade Rooms, No. 85 Prince William Street. The attendant will furnish information regarding all parts of the province. Apply at the bureau for boarding places, also for tourist literature, time tables, etc.

HOTEL LIST.

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETORS.	RATE PER DAY.
St. John.		
ROYAL,	Raymond & Doherty, ...	\$3.00
DUFFERIN,	E. Le Roi Willis,	2.50 to \$3.00
VICTORIA,	D. W. McCormick,	2.50 to 3.00
CLIFTON,	M. E. & M. P. Peters, ...	2.00 to 2.50
NEW VICTORIA,	J. L. McCoskery,	2.00 to 2.50
PARK,	Charles Damery,	1.50 to 2.50
GRAND UNION, ..	W. H. McQuade,	1.00 to 2.00
Andover. — PERLEY'S,		
J. Allen Perley,		1.50
Bathurst.		
ROBERTSON'S,	George Robertson,	1.50
WILBUR HOUSE,	Percy Wilbur,	1.50
Bonny River. — SULLIVAN'S, T. A. Sullivan,		
		1.00
Campbellton.		
ROYAL,	William Sproul,	1.50
WAVERLEY,	Mrs. S. S. Jardine,	1.50 to 2.00
Campobello.		
OWEN,	J. J. Alexander,	2.00
TYN-Y-COED,		4.00
Chatham.		
BOWSER HOUSE,	Miss Bowser,	1.50
ADAMS HOUSE,	T. Flanagan,	1.50
Connors. — CONNORS, ...		
J. H. McNerney,		1.50 to 2.00
Dalhousie. — MURPHY'S, ...		
Thomas Murphy,		1.50 to 2.00
Dorchester. — WINDSOR, ...		
E. W. Cochran,		2.00
Edmundston. — HEBERT'S, ..		
Felix Hebert,		1.50
Evandale. — VANWART'S, ...		
J. O. Vanwart,		1.50
Fredericton.		
QUEEN,	J. A. Edward,	2.00 to 2.50
BARKER HOUSE,	F. B. Coleman,	2.00 to 3.00
WINDSOR HALL,	Albert Everett,	2.00
Gagetown. — SIMPSON'S,		
The Misses Simpson, ...		1.00
Grand Falls. — COMMERCIAL, F. A. Howard,		
		1.50
Grand Manan. — MARATHON, James A. Pettes,		
		1.50
Hamptstead. — VANWART'S, ..		
Isaac Vanwart,		1.50
Hampton. — VENDOME,		
McCurdy,		1.50 to 2.00
Kingston, Kent Co. — ROYAL, James Conway,		
		1.50
Long Reach. — CEDARS,		
W. B. Ganong,		1.50
Moncton.		
BRUNSWICK,	George McSweeney, ...	2.00 to 2.50
MINTO,	P. Gallagher,	2.00 to 2.50
Newcastle. — WAVERLEY, ...		
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Oromocto. — RIVERSIDE,		
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Richibucto. — KENT,		
George A. Irving,		1.50
Riverside, A. Co. — SHEPODY, H. A. Turner,		
		1.50
Rothsay. — BELLE VIEW,		
D. A. Pugsley,		1.50 to 2.00
Sackville. — BRUNSWICK,		
Thomas Estabrooks,		1.50 to 2.00
St. Andrews.		
ALGONQUIN,	Corporation,	3.00 upwards
KENNEDY'S,	A. Kennedy & Son,	2.00
St. George. — ARDEN, ...		
C. H. McGee,		1.25
St. Martins. — KENNEDY'S, ...		
Joseph Kennedy,		1.50
St. Stephen. — WINDSOR,		
R. A. McDonald,		2.00
Shediac. — WELDON,		
J. D. Weldon,		1.50
Sussex.		
DEPOT HOUSE,	Mrs. McLean,	1.50
THE KNOLL,	Mrs. O. Arnold,	1.00 to 1.50
Woodstock. — CARLISLE,		
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PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—HUNTING AND FISHING RESORTS, GAME LAWS, ETC.

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